

FRONTISPIECE.



To a GOOD BOY.

THERE was a good Boy who
went to the fair,
And the people rejoiced because
he came there.

They all gave him fairings, be-
cause he was good,
And let him have all the fine
things that he wou'd.

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THE
HUMOURS
OF
A FAIR:

OR, A
DESCRIPTION OF THE EARLY
AMUSEMENTS in LIFE.

Embellished with CUTS.

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opposite the *Market-Place*.

(Price One-Penny.)



THE
HUMOURS
OF
A FAIR.

*Which begins in a manner not at all
Wonderful.*

HALLOO Boys, halloo Boys
Huzzza! Huzzza! Huzzza!
Come. *Tom* make haste, the Fair
is begun. Here is *Joe Pudding*
with the Gridiron on his Back
and all the Boys hallooing.

Mak

Make haste, make haste; but
 don't get into the crowd; for
 little boys are often trod upon,
 and even crushed to death by mix-
 ing with the mob. If you would
 be safe, by all means avoid a
 crowd. Look yonder, *Dick Wil-*
son there has done the very thing
 cautioned you against. He has
 got into the middle of that great
 mob. A silly chit! that boy is al-
 ways thrusting his nose into diffi-
 culties; surely there never was
 such an impertinent little monkey.
 Now shall we get him out? See
 how the rogue scuffles and roars.

He



He deserves all the squeezing
 has because he will never take a
 vice; and yet I am sorry for him
 Who tapped me on the shoulder
 Oh, *Sam*, what are you come pu
 ing and blowing! Why you lo
 as busy as a fool in a fair.



Well what news do you bring from
 that region of nonsense ! I have
 not seen it, and should be glad to
 know what is done, without the
 trouble of attending.

CHAP. II.



CHAP. II.

Sam Gooseberry's *Account of the*
wonderful things in the Fair.

WHY there is such a mob
 bing at the other side
 the Fair, says Sam, as you never
 saw in your life, and one fat Fe
 low is got among them that has
 made me laugh immoderately.
 Stand further, good folks, says he
 what a mob is here ! Who rake
 all this filthy crowd together
 honest friend take away your e
 bow. What a beastly crew am
 got among ! What a smell ! O
 and such squeezing ! Why yo
 over-grown sloven, says a footma
 th

* * * at stood by, who makes half so
 much noise and crowding as you?
 Reduce your own fat paunch to a
 reasonable compass, firrah, and
 there will be room enough for us
 all. Upon this the whole company
 raised up a shout, and crowding round
 my friend tunbelly, left an open-
 way, through which I made my es-
 cape, and have brought off Dick
 Wilson with me, who by being
 hastily squeezed, and having
 twelve of his ten toes trod off, is
 now cured of his impertinent cu-
 riosity. But you desire an account
 of the Fair, and I mean to gratify
 you. The first thing I saw which
 gave me pleasure, was old Gaffer
 Gingerbread's stall. See him, see

Here's

10.)

Here's gingerbread, gingerbread
quite of the best,
Come buy all I have, and I'll
give you the rest.



The man of the world for gingerbread. What do you buy, wife, do you buy? says the old gentleman; please to buy a gingerbread wife, sir? here's a very delicate one.
Inde

read
 I
 deed there is too much gold up-
 the nose; but that is no objec-
 on to those who drive Smithfield
 gains, and marry their wives
 weight. Will you please to
 ve a gingerbread husband, ma-
 m? I assure you, you may have
 worse; or a watch, madam? here
 watches for belles, beaux,
 cks, and blockheads. But here
 mes the Merry Andrew.



See there he is, with his hunc
 at his back, The crowd that can
 with him obliged us to leave the
 place; but just as we were going
 Giles called out, gentlemen buy
 house before you go. 'Tis better
 to buy than to build. You have
 heard of the cock that crow'd
 the morn, that waked the priest
 shaven and shorn, that married the
 man all tattered and torn, that
 kissed the maiden all forlorn
 that milked the cow with a crum-
 led horn, that tossed the dog, that
 worried the cat, that killed the
 that eat the malt, that lay in the
 house that Jack built.

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this is the house that Jack built.



There is any part you do not like
 a may eat it; and I sell it for a
 any. Buy, gentlemen, buy, and
 n't build. Many of my friends
 ve ruined themselves by build-
 ing. The insufferable folly of
 building a fine house, has obliged
 many a man to lie in the street.
 I serve what the poet says on
 his subject: The

The Man who builds the fine
place,

And cannot for it pay,
Is sure to feel his wretched case
While others in it lay.

A little further we saw one with
the Wheel of fortune before him
playing with children for oranges.
See here he is :



What do you say? twenty may
 as well as one. Aye, and all
 lose, I suppose. Go away,
 rah, what do you teach children
 game? Gaming is a scandalous
 practice. The gamester, the liar,
 thief, and the pick-pocket, are
 t' coufins, and ought all to be
 ned out of company.

At this instant up came Dick
 bury, crying. Here he is :



And what do you think he cried for? Why he has been at the gaming-table, or in other words at the wheel of fortune, and lost all the money that was given him by his father and mother, and the fairings that he received from Mr Long, Mr. Williams, and Mrs Goodenough. At first he won an orange, put it in his pocket and was pleased; then he won a knife whipt it up and was happy; after this he won many other things, till at last fortune turned against him as at one time or other she always does against those that come to her wheel and seek her favours, and he was choused of all his money, and brought nothing away with him but a half-penny jews harp.

Wh

ay do you bellow so, you Mon-
? Go away, and learn more
for the future.

Would you be wealthy, honest
Dick,

Ne'er seek success at fortune's
wheel;

For she does all her votaries
trick,

And you'll her disappointments
feel.

For wealth, *in virtue* put your
trust,

Be *faithful, vigilant, and just.*

Never game, or if you do never
for money. Avoid a game-

as you would a mad dog, or as
wolf that comes to devour you.

Hey day! who comes here? Oh,
is the Mountebank.

He

He talks of curing every sore,
But makes you twice as many more

But hear him! hear his speech
and observe the Merry Andrew.



The Doctor's Speech.

Gentlemen and ladies, I am the
doctor of all doctors, the great
doctor

ctor of doctors, who can doctor
 u all. I ease your pains gratis,
 ee you for nothing, and sell you
 w. y packets that you may never be
 k again, [Enter Andrew blow-
 ing a scrubbing broom.]



rrah, where have you been this
 orning?

Andrew. Been, fir; why I have
 been

been on my travels, sir, with
 knife, sir; I have travelled round
 this great apple. Besides this,
 have travelled thro' the fair, and
 bought all these gingerbread
 books at a man's stall, who sells
 learning by weight and measure,
 arithmetick by the gross, geometrick
 by the square, and physick and
 philosophy by the pound. So I
 bought the philosophy, and let
 the physick for you, master.

Doctor. Why, firrah, do you
 never take physick?

Andrew. Yes, master, some
 times.

Doctor. What sort do you take?

Andrew. Any sort, no matter
 what; 'tis all one to me.

Doctor. And how do you take it?

Andrew.

Andrew. Why I take it; I take
 and put it upon the shelf;
 and if I don't get well, I take it
 down again, and work it off with
 good strong ale. But you shall hear
 read in my golden book, Master.
 He that can dance with a bag
 at his back,

Need swallow no phyfic, for
 none he doth lack.

He who is healthy, and chear-
 ful, and cool,

Yet squanders his money on
 phyfic's a *fool*.

Fool, master, fool, master, fool,
 fool.

Doctor. Sirrah, you blockhead,
 break your head.

Andrew. What, for reading my
 book, sir?

Doctor.

Doctor. No; for your impudence, puppy. But come, good people, throw up your handkerchiefs, you lose time by attending to that blundering booby and by-and-by you'll be in a hurry and we shall not be able to serve you. Consider, gentlemen and ladies, in one of these packets is deposited a curious gold ring, which the purchaser, whoever he may happen to be, will have for a shilling, together with all the packets of medicines; and every other adventurer will have a packet for one shilling, which he may sell ten times that sum.

Anacrew. Master, master, tell you how to get this ring, a

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eat deal of money into the
ain.

Doctor. How, firrah?

Andrew. Why, buy up all of
yourself, and you will be sure
to get the ring, and have the packets
sell for ten shillings a piece.

Doctor. That's true; but you
are covetous, firrah, you are co-
us and want to get money.

Andrew. And, master, I believe
I don't want to get physick.

Doctor. Yes I do.

Andrew. Then 'tis to get rid of
But

He that can dance with a bag at
his back,

Need swallow no physick for
none he doth lack.

Huzza

Huzza, halloo boys, halloo boys
halloo!



*Sam Sensible's Account of what
had seen in the Fair; particularly
a description of the Up-and-down
and other Things.*

IT is strange! but some children
will never take advice, and
always are running into danger

difficulties. That chit, Wat
ful, has been riding upon the
and-down, and is fallen off,
almost killed. You know what
mean by the up-and-down?
Is a horse in a box, a horse
flies in the air, like that
ch the ancient poets rode on.
here it is;



And

And here is poor Wat, and
Mother lamenting over him.



If he had taken her advice all
been well; for as he was going
mount, Wat, says she, don't be
ambitious. Ambitious people
nerally tumble; and when
down, it is not easy to get up again.
Remember what your poor father
used to read about Cardinal Wolsey.

Fare

and
 m.
 arewel, a long farewel to all
 greatness ! this is the state of
 ; to-day he puts forth the
 er leaves of hope, to-morrow
 foms, and bears his blushing
 ors thick upon him: The third
 comes a frost, a killing frost,
 when he thinks, good easy
 , full surely his greatness is
 ning, nips his root, and then
 falls as I do. I have ventur'd
 little wanton boys that swim
 bladders, these many summers
 sea of glory : But far beyond
 depth ! my high-blown pride
 ngth broke under me, and now
 left me, weary and old with
 ce, to the mercy of a rude
 m that must forever hide me.
 n pomp and glory of the world!

I hate ye, I feel my heart
opened.

But Wilful would, and so do
he tumbled, and lies here a wa
ing to the obstinate and ambitio
Had he taken his mother's adv
and rode upon the round-about
Dick Stamp and Will Somers
he might have whipped and sp
ed for an hour without doing
mischief, or receiving any hu
But he was a proud and obstin
filly boy.





To a GOOD GIRL.

O, pretty Miss *Prudence*, you're
come to the fair;

A very good girl they tell me
you are.

Take this fine orange, this
watch, and this knot,

Be welcome, my dear, to all
we have got.



To a NAUGHTY GIRL

SO, pert Mistress *Prate*
 how came you here?
 There is nobody wants to see
 at the fair.

Not an orange, an apple, a nut,
 or a nut,
 Will any one give to so fast
 flut.



To a NAUGHTY BOY.

GIRL
 HERE was a bad boy who
 went to the fair,
 all the folks hiss'd because he
 came there.
 a thing could he get, of all
 he did lack,
 they laid his own stick upon
 his own back.

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